

week in N. D. the temperature was high, averaging over 70 above zero.

All in all, it was a wonderful experience. Even tho I die next year, for the opportunities of the past summer I'll say "Dayenu" (I am well satisfied.) For having lived to see my beloved brother again, for having witnessed his happy marriage to a swell girl, for the summer in Adventure Island, near Fish Creek, Wis., for the opportunity to see all my friends and relations, for the chance of being in St. Paul and Dakota and the meeting of so many new and wonderful friends, I am humbly grateful to a most meriful God.

Pasimatysim,
Vyts-Fin.

DISCHARGES OTHERS



DEAN SAXTON, Ph. M 3/C

I first met Dean some eight years ago at the Co-Op camp in Circle Pines, Mich. The entire Saxton family were there and we became acquainted, and it resulted in a strong and lasting friendship with the entire family. Dean and Bill (Bill is now a Naval Student at Ames, Iowa) were in their early teens but had already acquired a love for folk dancing (family tradition.)

Dean received some training as a Veterinary Cadet at the Mich., State College, at Lansing, Mich. When the army abolished that course, he joined the Navy and has been there ever since — 16 months now. He was placed in the medical section of the Great Lakes Naval Station and worked in various departments, and for six months he was even an ambulance driver. He was always eager to see some "excitement" across the seas but they wouldn't let him go. Now that the war is over and he is anxious to go back to school, they'll probably send him across. Pres-

ently he is busy writing discharges for the Marines.

Dean kept up his folk dance enthusiasm and was a often visitor at the Int. House and Northwestern. Evening work at the base is keeping him away temporarily. Dean is really good at dancing. Dean is a very clean cut lad and his folks may well be proud of him.

COMMENTS & LETTERS BERLIN AND RUSSIANS

Dear Fin Berlin must have been a very beautiful city, altho the rubble and debris of what once beautiful buildings, makes something within me mutter; "nicht gut genug" (not good enough) considering all the sorrow they have inflicted on the world. The people seem friendly enough but one doesn't forget so easily the bombing and strafing personally experienced. I believe they'll follow anyone who makes his power an established factor, and orders them to do the things. At first sight one seems to feel sympathetic but it doesn't take long for a sense of hatred to come back. I have lost friends—as I know you have. Many never had a chance, like your relatives, Fin.

I've talked to many of them. They all disavow Hitler. They claim that they have never been loyal to him, but were forced at gun point to do his bidding. A likely story, isn't it? I delight in telling them that I don't want to be here (in Germany), that I wish I were home, that if there is another war I'll come back—and if I can help it, there will not be another war. I tell them that I admire their versatility, cameras, binoculars and the like, but that their love for war hasn't as yet done them much good. They still think that the German soldier is the best in the world—and that the overwhelming majority of American planes beat them.

The biggest surprise to me are the Russians. They are the dirtiest, sloppiest bunch you ever saw. No uniformity in their uniforms and they are armed to their teeth. Many carry Tommy guns. They "liberated" everything worth having. Fine cameras, cars, motorcycles, bicycles and just about everything. They were paid a short while ago for the first time since they were in the army (maybe five years pay). They seem unacquainted with toilet facilities, and one has to be careful where he walks. They are unaware that the war is over and still rape, rob, loot ("liberate") as they wish. They don't fool with us too much as they seem convinced that we shoot faster and more accurately than they. A Yank can lick two average Russians

in a fist fight so we get along pretty well. And when they are sober they are essentially as friendly as we are. They laugh at our weakness when inbibing vodka—but who in hell—but a Russian can drink that stuff? Vodka goes down smooth and then explodes like a hand grenade and (you can quote me) makes tequila a ladies drink.

Paris—now there is a place! You can feel the undercurrent of life and gayety. Even the poor know how to live. The trouble is—prices are high you can't buy anything. Here (Berlin) there's nothing to buy. The people don't eat so good. I predict a terrific winter for them, as they'll have to chop wood for fuel—and will have to continue eating their meager dehydrated food

Your Globe trottin' cousin,
Gene (PFC Grossman)
Berlin, Germany.

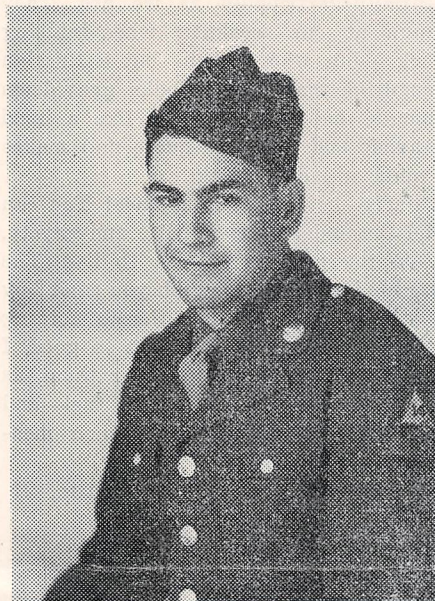
HAPPILY MARRIED



Jimmy and Collette Baker

The many friends Collette made while dancing with LYS will be interested in seeing Collette's man, and as you all can see, he is quite a handsome man and a wonderful lad. He is Jimmy Baker, MM 1/c and a Californian. Jim and Collette met each other when he was stationed at Chicago's Navy Pier over a year ago and the wedding took place on June 26th (1944) at St. Mary's Church of Clinton, Okla., near which town, Jimmy was stationed. Collette's mother, Mrs. Reynolds, was present to behold the wedding of her daughter to a swell fellow. Mrs. Reynolds is in continual praise of him. Both are extremely happy. Collette is as good a cook as she was a dancer. She charmed many a audience with her Spanish and other dances, folk and character and now she charms her husband with her domestic abilities. Collette has a brother who is now serving in the Philipines, Capt. Wm. Reynolds, and Jimmy has two brothers in the service. Mr. and Mrs. live in San Jose, Cal. But Jimmy expects to be shipped and if that takes place, Collette will be returning to Chicago. We want to see you Collette. We would also love to meet your sugah pie. Our best wishes to you

IN MEMORY



OF T/4 JOHN D. HOOVER

Peace is here, but let us never forget that we have peace because others have fought and died. T herefore, let us ever remember them with gratitude and tenderness, love and appreciation. Johnny was but 22 years old. Extremely likeable and had a host of friends. He was married for three years to an equally lovable person, Mary Emma. Below I reprint a letter written by the Division Chaplain to John's brother Sgt. Harry Hoover.

"May I extended my sincerst sympathy to you, relative to your brother, T/4 John D. Hoover, who was killed when his tank was hit by enemy fire. The French people of the town of Barr placed a large floral wreath on a fence where the vehicle was located when it was hit. Inserted in both French and English on the wreath were the following words: "To Our American Liberators Who Came, Fought and Died," The civilians wanted to bury the crew in their cemetary but of course that was impossible, as the army takes care of its own. When passing this spot, the people would lift their hats in silent salute to this tank crew. The exact reason for this is not known; however, it is generally believed that while being fired upon by the enemy, the crew held their fire while a crowd of small children crossed the street to safety, and as a result were hit by the enemy fire and known to be knocked out. Could a finer tribute be paid a man?"

"He was burried in the United States Military Cemetary at Epinel, France. It is a beautiful spot and is held in reverence by both French and Americans."

NOOK of POETRY . . .

COMES NOW THESE WORDS

In Memory of John Hoover

To you, comes now these words—
This pointed message briefly told.
A message of necessity.
But then
No printed line, however couched
Can scarce deflect a blow
Or unintended hurt
Before you knew this grief
Other eyes had misted
Other hearts had ached
For his passing—
And for your knowledge soon to be;
His friend who saw the summons
And cursed—
Then breathed a silent prayer
And carried on,
The boys in his outfit
Who turned away in stunned silence,
His officers who knew him as a soldier
And a good one
Then on through channels,
Where he was just a name to be written
into records.

The many pairs of eyes and hands
That saw and placed these words
Before you knew them.
With all these you share the movement
of his going—
Your grief is not a lonely thing.
With the memory of his being
And your now mechanical living,
Remember this and know;
Sorrow and happiness, like twin
shadows

Follow us through life along a heaven-
charted path

At whose end we exchange loss for gain.
For this we must have faith,
Believing in a Divine Reason
For these words.

GENE WIERBACH

BABIES

Congratulations are extended to F/O Wm. Burton Keeble and to his lovely wife Annette, upon the arrival of Sharon Ann on Sept. 1st, at the Providence Hespital, Mobile. Billy Keeble is still in Italy, and here us hopping he'll soon return to Fairhope and become acquainted with Sharon Ann.

Sincerest congratulations are extended to Herman P. Stuersel, RM 1/C and Mrs. Mary Stuersel upon the birth of Becky Ann on Oct. 10th. The baby weighed 8½ lbs. Herman is an Aleutian Vet and is now stationed at Manteo, N. C., where Mary and little Bill make their home for the duration. Congrats are extended to all the Stuersels in Fairhope.

READ "VILTIS"

THE BALTIC STATES

Jewish Mass Graves.

N. Y. (LAIC) Three huge cemeteries of the massacred Jewish population of Kaunas are located on the SW side of the Nemunas near the old fort. No. 4, 7, 9. 9000 Lithuanian Jews were ruthlessly slain by the SS on June 9th when the Germans had to make a hasty retreat from the advancing Russians. The few remaining Jews of the original 170,000, are planning to migrate to Palestine.

DEPORTATION OF ESTS

N. Y. (LAIC). Tallinn, the Estonian capitol, has become a Russian city. Only Russian is heard, and the streets signs are now in Russian. The Estonian population was deported by thousands to 140 labor camps. Each camp contains from 1,500 to 6,000 people. Most Estonians and Latvians are taken to build the Kalinin Canal. Karelians are deported to the Saratov region where they are housed in barracks and guarded by armed military Soviet police.

RUSSIFICATION OF LATVIA

N. Y. (LAIC). The so called Latvian Soviet Republic was turned into a Soviet province headed by Russians. The Party head is Lev Lebedev; director of Communications is Col. Kuzminov; Dir. of the Banks, — Gluckiy; Komisar of Lands—Tomishev; head Agronom, Makorov; Dir. of Radiophone, Sergey Krasnopyorov. Heading other departments are Kotrigov, Chernov, Prusakov, Kirakov, etc.

PRAVIENISKIS SLAUGHTER

The first and incomplete listing of the slaughter of the inmates in the Pravienski concentration camp, near Kaunas, was compiled. The it does not contain all names, 428 victims were recognized, and the list gives their names and name of the father. The massacre took place on June 21, 1941, during the first Bolshevik occupation. Practically all victims were farmers. They were slaughtered because the Germans were making rapid advance after their undeclared war on Russia, and slaughtering the victims was easier than transporting them to Russia.

HISTORIC LITH DATES THE MASSACRE OF KRAIZIAI

On Nov. 11th, 1893, the bloody massacre of Kraiziai took place when the Lithuanian Catholic population gathered around their church to defend it from the Russians who wanted the church destroyed. When the Russian police were unable to eject the people from the church, they brought over a large group of fierce Kozaks who staged a merciless pogrom. All survivors were imprisoned.